

Polluted Heart

By Robin B Lipinski

Fallen. Fallen farther than you or I can imagine.
Light, illuminating, illustrating, pure, energy pulsing, fallen.
Angel of light, Gods chosen, fallen.

Did you eat of the fruit? Forbidden, sweet light, illuminating, illustrating, pure, energy pulsing, fallen.
Of course your choice embraced, wicked web, caressed flesh, moaning in knowledge.
Pluck sweet tender flesh in the only way you can imagine, so sweet the sex, lust carnal, deep.

Laying on soiled sheet, deed done, energy pulsing, she lay fallen.
Deep the pit, despair not dark, illuminating, illustrating, pure, energy pulsing. Fallen?
Drops crimson in haze, mind seeking relief from rage. What's that? Gods calling? God damned.

Mortal man, feasting on the fruit, unleashed passion, you made your stand.
Yet, no stand of man can stand. You do not understand? You're still falling while I know what I am.
Angle of light, Gods chosen, fallen.

Lucifer, bright of light, show the world tonight, your birthright.
Show the ignorant, those who think they stand, they too, are fallen.
Beckoning was her smile, sweet, illuminating, illustrating, pure, energy pulsing, fallen.
History past now, history fallen. My God, what have I done!

Light grows dim, night fails, eyelids fall, it is his will.
Born in light, my birthright, not in heaven or hell.
You don't believe in Satan or God? Your birthright, your light, illuminating, illustrating, pure, energy pulsing, fallen.

Story complete, heart slowing in beat, my blood mixes with hers, fallen.
Legacy upon silk, soiled with smell, gun on the table with shells from hell.
Bullets from light, illuminating, illustrating, pure, energy pulsing, fallen. Fallen to flesh, which now, will only continue to fall.

The End (Or is it only the beginning?)